School of Theology at Claremont
1001 1392411

Theology Library

SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AT CLAREMONT
California

POEMS.

799
58
142
1880

THE POEMS
OF
MADAME GUYON.

Edited and arranged
WITH A SHORT LIFE.

BY

A. SAUNDERS DYER, M.A.,
Clare College, Cambridge.

Glasgow:
PICKERING & INGLIS, Bothwell Street.
London:
A. HOLNESS, 14 Paternoster Row, E.C.

I Dedicate

THIS VOLUME WITH EVERY FEELING OF

GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION

TO MY DEAREST FATHER AND MOTHER.

331943

INTRODUCTION.

In the year 1801 a Rev. William Bull of Newport-Pagnell published some translations of the poems of Madame Guyon. They were translated by the poet Cowper and given by him to Mr. Bull. "I have but little leisure," says the poet, "strange as it may seem. That little I devoted for a month after your departure to the translation of Madame Guion. I have made fair copies of all the pieces I have produced on this last occasion, and will put them into your hands when we meet. They are yours, to serve as you please; you may take and leave them as you like, for my purpose is already served. They have amused me, and I have no further demand upon them." With Mr. Cowper's consent these translations were published, and in less than ten years they went through four editions.

It has been thought that at the present time when people are beginning to realise the harmony of the Blessed Sacraments with a present

trust and personal assurance of salvation, and when all true Christians are longing for peace and holiness, that these poems which speak of the Love of God and of the rest which alone can be found in Him may be valued and read. Madame Guyon's works are numerous and extensive. Her "Poésies et Cantiques Spirituels" were published in four volumes at Cologne in 1722. As the reader will gather from the present volume, they are the expressions of her inner religious life and tell of a heart warmed by the love of God. Objection has been made to the fact that some of the expressions used of God seem too familiar and extravagant,—such objectors forget that the majority of Madame Guyon's poems are not intended for general use, but should rather be the companions of those who have realised somewhat of that nearness to God of which Madame Guyon was so striking an example. It is because of this that so few of her verses have found their way into the Hymnals of the day. Spurgeon's Hymn Book contains one or two, and the Hymnal Companion to the Book of Common Prayer, one: their deep personal and

experimental character prevent them from becoming universally used.

Among the poems in the present collection we would single out as especially worthy of praise, "The Nativity," "The Soul that loves God finds Him everywhere," "The Vicissitudes of the Christian Life," "The Joy of the Cross," and "The Necessity of Self-abasement."

"The excellent Madame Guion," as Cowper calls her, wrote a short preface to the Cologne edition of her poems: we quote the latter portion of it, heartily endorsing her words—"The Lord deign to accompany the use that one may make of this work with the salutary effects of His quickening grace in the hearts of all those who will try to taste of the subjects in it, and by them advance towards the purity of His holy love so amiably portrayed in many parts of the following poems; love altogether generous and entirely disinterested, which looks only to God its true and only object,—its only motive, its sovereign end and its all."

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Life of Madame Guyon,	1
The Nativity,	33
God neither known nor loved by the World,	40
The Swallow,	43
The Triumph of Heavenly Love desired,	44
A Figurative Description of the Procedure of Divine Love in bringing a Soul to the Point of Self-renunciation and absolute Acquiescence,	45
A Child of God longing to see Him beloved,	48
Aspirations of the Soul after God,	50
Gratitude and Love to God,	52
Happy Solitude—Unhappy Men,	53
Living Water,	54
Truth and Divine Love rejected by the World,	54
Divine Justice amiable,	56
The Soul that loves God finds Him everywhere,	57
The Testimony of Divine Adoption,	59
Divine Love endures no Rival,	61
Self-diffidence,	62
The Acquiescence of pure Love,	64
Repose in God,	65
Glory to God alone,	66
Self-love and Truth incompatible,	68

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Love of God the End of Life,	69
Love faithful in the Absence of the Beloved,	70
Love pure and fervent,	71
The entire Surrender,	72
The perfect Sacrifice,	72
God hides His People,	73
The Secrets of Divine Love are to be kept,	75
The Vicissitudes experienced in the Christian Life,	81
Watching unto God in the Night Season,	86
On the Same,	88
On the Same,	91
The Joy of the Cross,	93
Joy in Martyrdom,	96
Simple Trust,	97
The Necessity of Self-abasement,	98
Love increased by Suffering,	101
Scenes favourable to Meditation,	103
God known by loving Him,	106
Love constitutes my Crime,	107
Prisons do not exclude God,	108
God the Fountain of Love to His Children,	109
A little Bird I am,	110

"On Divine Love to meditate is Peace,
And makes all care of meaner things to cease."

Waller, Canto 6.

"Burn, burn, O Love! within my heart,
Burn fiercely night and day,
Till all the dross of earthly loves
Is burned, and burned away.

"What limit is there to thee, Love?
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?
On! on! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

"O Love of Jesus! blessed Love!
So will it ever be;
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
No, nor eternity!"

Faber.

"Our heart is restless until it rest in Thee."

S. Augustine.

"My Beloved is mine; and I am His."

"One holds me fast: kept in His pure embrace
I rest in peace;
Flows on my weary heart His softening grace
And troubles cease.
Though cold the storm and fierce the blasting wind,
I do not fear,
For in His Breast a covert safe I find:
No storm comes there.

E. Louisa Lee.

LIFE.

LIFE OF MADAME GUYON.

THE subject of the Higher Life is a subject which has always been looked upon with a certain amount of suspicion, chiefly by a class of Christians who imagine that such words as "Holiness," "Union with Christ," and similar phrases, are opposed to the doctrine of the Sacraments and means of grace. A great many, however, are beginning to see that if the Church of God is to do battle with the world, and be victor in the strife, she must use as her trustiest instruments those who are living the life of prayer—those who are not content to stand still in the religious life, but who desire to climb the ever-increasing heights of the Love of God ; in a word, "to go on unto perfection." The practice of "the presence of God" is indeed the best rule of a holy life ; and Brother Laurence, the French Carmelite Friar, has shown how beautifully such a rule may be carried out in union with the Blessed Sacraments. Madame Guyon, the object of this little sketch, is a remarkable instance of the truth of this presence. Her holy and blameless life is a standing witness to the fact that it is not necessary to forsake the Church

of God in order to have a living faith in the Head of the Church, but that the Gospel and the Sacraments may and should go hand in hand in building up the interior life. It is true that Madame Guyon was a member of a Church which in many matters has erred, but the very fact that she continued a loyal member of the Roman branch of the Catholic Church until her death is a proof that, whatever else that Church does, she does not hide from her members the sight of the holy Cross. It is also true that she was bitterly persecuted by many in authority in the Church, by Bossuet and others, by those indeed who had never known what true vital religion is; but very many who by blessed experience had realized the peace of sins forgiven, among them saintly Bishop Fenelon, were her firmest and truest friends. At a time when licentiousness and profligacy were the order of the day, when the only energy the Church was capable of was shown in her zeal in putting to death those who had gone out from her midst on account of the sin and inconsistency of her greatest professors—in such times as these the name of Madame de la Mothe Guyon stands out on the page of history as a name to be revered and loved. The Church must ever be grateful to Father La Combe for most of what she knows concerning Madame Guyon. It was at his suggestion that she began to write in 1686 a history of her past life; and this she did most fully and

completely without the least thought that such a minute autobiography would ever be given to the world.

The maiden name of Madame Guyon was Jeanne Marie Bouvières de la Mothe, and she was born at Montargis, fifty miles south of Paris, on the 13th of April, 1648. Her father was a man of some position, and bore the title of Seigneur de la Mothe Vergonville. At the age of two-and-a-half she began her education in an Ursuline Convent, which was continued by various nuns until her marriage. Of this time she writes—"Young as I was, I loved to hear of God, to be at church, and to be dressed in the habit of a little nun." When she reached the age of eleven she accidentally discovered in the Dominican Convent where she then was, a copy of the Bible, and from that time it became her dearest treasure. "I spent whole days," she says, "in reading it, giving no attention to other books, or other subjects, from morning to night; and having great powers of recollection, I committed to memory the historical portions entirely." One year after this she received her first communion, and her resolutions at that time were so fixed that in the earnestness of her devotions she spoke of "giving herself to God in good earnest." These, however, were but passing impressions—the world was not long in re-asserting itself. "My faults and failings," she says, "were soon repeated, and drew me off from the care and the duties of religion."

In 1663 M. de la Mothe removed his family to Paris, where his daughter met her future husband—a man of great wealth—M. Jacques Guyon. In the following year they were married, she being sixteen years of age, her husband just thirty-eight—a marriage of arrangement and convenience, and therefore, as is generally the case, an unhappy one. In addition to the diversity of disposition and disparity of age, the home was ruled by a mother-in-law, "a woman without education, and apparently possessed of but little liberality of natural feeling, who retained in old age and in the season of wealth the habits of labour and of penurious prudence formed in her youth."

Madame Guyon, however, had learnt the lesson—in spite of many failings and fallings away—of the providence of God—she knew that everything had been ordered in mercy, and therefore she was able to say, "Thou hast ordered these things, O my God, for my salvation! In goodness Thou hast afflicted me. Enlightened by the result, I have since clearly seen that these dealings of Thy providence were necessary in order to make me die to my vain and haughty nature. I had not power in myself to extirpate the evils within me. It was Thy providence that subdued them."

From this time her life for a short period was a series of victories over sin and of relapses into a state of carelessness concerning holy things. She

as yet knew nothing of a real union with the Blessed Lord which gives power and peace. God, however, was pleased to use various persons as instruments in His hands of bringing about in her heart that personal trust and rest without which all profession is valueless. The one who was most instrumental in this matter was a Monk of the order of S. Francis, a man who had spent five years in spiritual communion with God. "Oh, my Father!" exclaims Madame Guyon, speaking of the message that was brought to her at this time, "it seems to me sometimes as if Thou didst forget every other being in order to think only of my faithless and ungrateful heart."

The Monk's answer to Madame Guyon, after she had spoken of her oft-repeated and long-continued efforts after true religion, was as follows:—"Your efforts have been unsuccessful, Madame, because you have sought without what you can only find within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will not fail to find Him."

"Having said these words," she says, "the Franciscan left me. They were to me like the stroke of a dart which pierced my heart asunder. I felt at this instant deeply wounded with the love of God—a wound so delightful that I desired it never might be healed. These words brought into my heart what I had been seeking so many years; or, rather, they made me discover what was there, which I did

not enjoy for want of knowing it. Oh, my Lord! Thou wast in my heart, and demanded only the turning of my mind inward to make me feel Thy presence. Oh, Infinite Goodness! Thou wast so near, and I ran hither and thither, seeking Thee, and yet found Thee not. My life was a burden to me, and my happiness was within myself. I was poor in the midst of riches, and ready to perish with hunger near a table plentifully spread, and a continual feast. Oh, Beauty, ancient and new! Why have I known Thee so late? Alas! I sought Thee where Thou wast not, and did not seek Thee where Thou wast! It was for want of understanding these words of Thy Gospel, 'The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo! here, or lo! there, for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you.' This I now experienced, since Thou didst become my King, and my heart Thy kingdom, where Thou dost reign a Sovereign, and doest all Thy will.

"I told this good man that I did not know what he had done to me; that my heart was quite changed; that God was there; for from that moment He had given me an experience of His presence in my soul—not merely as an object intellectually perceived, but as a thing really possessed after the sweetest manner. I experienced those words in the Canticles: 'Thy name is as precious ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love Thee.' For I felt in my soul an

unction, which, as a salutary perfume, healed in a moment all my wounds. I slept not all that night because Thy love, O my God! flowed in me like delicious oil, and burned as a fire which was going to destroy all that was left of self in an instant. I was all on a sudden so altered, that I was hardly to be known either by myself or others. I found no more those troublesome faults or that reluctance to duty which formerly characterized me. They all disappeared, as being consumed like chaff in a great fire. . . . . .

"Nothing was more easy to me now than to practice prayer. Hours passed away like moments, while I could hardly do anything else but pray. The fervency of my love allowed me no intermission. It was a prayer of rejoicing and of possession, wherein the taste of God was so great, so pure, unblended and uninterrupted, that it drew and absorbed the powers of the soul into a profound recollection, a state of confiding and affectionate rest in God, existing without intellectual effort. *For I had now no sight but of Jesus Christ alone.* All else was excluded, in order to love with greater purity and energy, without any motives or reasons for loving which were of a selfish nature."

This great change in the religious experience of Madame Guyon came to her on the Feast of S. Mary Magdalene, 1668, and when she was just twenty years of age. There were, no doubt, a great many

preparatory steps which led up to this passing from death unto life, but it was a very marked and decisive change when it did take place. It must be so with every Christian soul—there must come to every one at some time or another a realization of the Baptismal Life, when Christ becomes everything and the world absolutely nothing. "I bade farewell for ever," she says, "to assemblies which I had visited, to plays and diversions, dancing, unprofitable walks and parties of pleasure. The amusements and pleasures so much prized and esteemed by the world now appeared to be dull and insipid—so much so, that I wondered how I ever could have enjoyed them. And again I had a secret desire given me, from that time, to be wholly devoted to the disposal of my God. The language of my heart, addressing itself to my Heavenly Father, was, 'What couldst Thou demand of me which I would not willingly sacrifice or offer Thee? O, spare me not! It seemed to me that I loved God too much willingly or knowingly to offend Him. I could hardly hear God or our Lord Jesus Christ spoken of without being almost transported out of myself." The inward joy and peace thus experienced were not allowed, however, to come without trials and persecutions. The opposition of her friends still continued, and the affections of her eldest son were taken away through the influence of her mother-in-law; added to this, God sent her a bodily affliction

in the form of small-pox, which did much to destroy her beauty. She saw in it all the hand of God and was able to rejoice. These afflictions were no doubt sent to bring her altogether back to the allegiance of her Lord, for, but a short time after she received the blessed revelation spoken of above, she was induced, in a slight degree, to conform to the world and to wander away from the path He had marked out—this insidious temptation came: "Is it possible that I must so far give up all to God that I shall have nothing left for the world? In this age of refinement and pleasure, when everything is awake to intelligence, and when there is apparently but one voice of joy, is it necessary, or even reasonable, that my eyes should be shut, and my ears closed, and my lips silent?" By the grace of God Madame Guyon was able finally to overcome this temptation, although its indulgence but for a day caused her three long months of despondency and penitence—her joy and peace came back again and she gave herself anew to the Lord. "From this day, if it be possible, I will be wholly the Lord's. The world shall have no portion in me."

This resolution was faithfully kept amid many persecutions and trials—henceforth Madame Guyon was wholly and altogether the servant of her Lord. Two years later she formally renewed her consecration to God's service by signing the following deed of consecration:—"I henceforth take Jesus to be

mine. I promise to receive Him as a husband to me, and I give myself to Him, unworthy though I am, to be His spouse. I ask of Him, in this marriage of spirit with spirit, that I may be of the same mind with Him—meek, pure, nothing in myself, and united in God's will. And, pledged as I am to be His, I accept as a part of my marriage portion, the temptations and sorrow, the crosses and the contempt which fell to Him.

"JEANNE M. B. DE LA MOTHE GUYON.

"Sealed with her ring."

It is at this period of Madame Guyon's life that we meet with Francis de la Combe, a priest of the Barnabite order, who afterwards became her spiritual director. It is enough to say of him that he was a worthy coadjutor of Madame Guyon in her efforts to spread personal holiness. He incurred the hatred of those in authority, and in 1687 he was shut up in the Bastile; how long La Combe remained there is not known, but "in one of the dungeons of that great prison," says Madame Guyon, "he was incarcerated for life. But his enemies having heard that the officers of the Bastile esteemed him and treated him kindly, they took measures to have him removed to a much worse place." For twenty-seven long years did Father La Combe remain a prisoner, until death set free the noble spirit from the imprisoned body.

Madame Guyon had now to go through a series

of additional afflictions which were to test her trust in God. We have already seen how that her beauty was partially destroyed by a disfiguring sickness—God now saw fit to try still further the reality of her faith. At this time she had two sons—the affections of the elder had been weaned from the mother by unkind influence, the younger was the son of her love ; it is true she loved them both, but the little boy of four years of age returned the love his mother so fully gave him. God saw fit to take this little one to Himself. "This blow," she says, "struck me to the heart. I was overwhelmed ; but God gave me strength in my weakness. I loved my young boy tenderly ; but, though I was greatly afflicted at his death, I saw the hand of the Lord so clearly that I shed no tears. I offered him up to God, and said in the language of Job, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be His name.'"

Soon after her father, and then her daughter—her *only* daughter—who, to use the mother's language, was "as dearly beloved as she was truly lovely." "Often I found her," says Madame Guyon, "in some retired place, in some corner, praying. It was her habit, whenever she saw me at prayer, to come and join with me, and if at any time she discovered that I had been praying without her, feeling that something was wrong, or that something was lost, she would weep bitterly and exclaim in her sorrow, 'Ah, mother, you pray, but I do not pray !' When

we were alone, if she saw my eyes closed, as would naturally be the case in my seasons of inward recollection, she would whisper, 'Are you asleep?' and then would cry out, 'Ah, no! You are praying to our dear Lord Jesus,' and dropping on her knees before me, she would begin to pray too."

In addition to all these family troubles, in 1674 Madame Guyon entered into what she calls her state of privation or desolation. For seven long dreary years she seemed to have no joy in her religion, she had not learnt the lesson that after all spiritual joy is but an incident of religion. It is the privilege of every Christian to have peace and joy—the *sensible* consolations of religion, but such consolations are not the essence of the religious life. During that long period Madame Guyon's faith was still strong and her hope fixed; she had never lost sight of the truth of the faithfulness of God, although for a time she had forgotten that the soul's life is a life of faith, independent of all external circumstances. "We live by *faith*," says the Apostle, "and not by sight."

One great source of suffering during this time of trial was the strong temptations she had to commit sin; there was a continual battle raging within her breast. In after days, in looking back to this time of privation, she writes, "O, holy Jesus, I was that lost sheep of Israel whom Thou didst come to save. Thou didst come to save her who could find no

salvation out of Thee. O, ye stout and righteous ones! speak as much and as proudly as you please of the value and excellence of what you have done for God's glory. As for me, I glory only in my infirmities, since they have merited for me such a Saviour. Loaded with miseries of all sorts, weighed down with the burden of continual crosses, I at last gave up hope. The darkness of an external night settled upon my soul. God seemed to have forsaken me; but, thanks be to His grace, my heart bowed in entire and holy submission. Lost as I seemed to myself to be, I could not cease to love. Believing as I did in the strange position of my mind, that I could never again be acceptable to God, and never be received by Him, I distinctly and fully recognized His justice and goodness, and could not repress the longing desire I had to do something to promote His glory. I could praise the name of the Lord out of the depths, to which no lower deep seemed possible."

The day of deliverance, however, was at hand, and Father La Combe, Madame Guyon's confessor, was the instrument in the hand of God of bringing back again that state of perfect peace and joy which she had so long lost. She had written to Father La Combe telling him of her doubts and fears, and asking that she might receive an answer before the 22nd of July—a day memorable in her history as the one on which she realized her Baptismal Life and began to live in conscious union with the

Blessed Master. She ever afterwards kept this day in prayer and praise as the day of her spiritual marriage with her Redeemer.

"On the 22nd July, 1680, that happy day, my soul was delivered from all its pains. From the time of the first letter from Father La Combe, I began to recover a new life. I was then, indeed, only like a dead person raised up, who is in the beginning of his restoration, and raised up to a life of hope rather than of actual possession; but on this day I was restored, as it were, to perfect life, and set wholly at liberty. I was no longer depressed, no longer borne down under the burden of sorrow. I had thought God lost, and lost forever; but I found Him again, and He returned to me with unspeakable magnificence and purity.

"In a wonderful manner, difficult to explain, all that which had been taken from me was not only restored, but restored with increase and with new advantages. In Thee, O my God, I found it all, and more than all! The peace which I now possessed was all holy, heavenly, inexpressible. What I had possessed some years before, in the period of my spiritual enjoyment, was consolation, peace—the *gift* of God rather than the giver; but now I was brought into such harmony with the will of God, that I might now be said to possess, not merely consolation, but the *God* of consolation; not merely peace, but *the God of peace*. This true peace

of mind was worth all that I had undergone, although it was then only in its dawning.

"Sometimes, it is true, a sad suggestion presented itself—that the life of nature might, in some way, reinstate itself. So that there was a wakeful spirit within me. I *watched;* and was enabled, by Divine grace, to meet and repel the approaches of evil in that direction. In this renovated state, I felt no disposition to attribute anything to myself. Certainly it was not I myself who had fastened my soul to the Cross, and under the operations of a Providence, just but inexorable, had drained, if I may so express it, the blood of the life of nature to its last drop. I did not understand it then, but I understood it *now.* It was the word that did it. It was God that destroyed me, that He might give me the true life."

In 1676 Madame Guyon's husband died, and thus at the age of twenty-eight she was left with two sons and an infant daughter, born but a few months before the death of her husband.

The death of her husband left her free to act as she thought best, and for some time she was undecided in what way to serve God. She had resolutely refused all offers of marriage, and for a time she thought of going into a convent. While in doubt and perplexity she was undoubtedly led by God to see that her place was to serve Him by an active rather than a contemplative life. It has often been

urged against so-called Quietism that it is too *passive* in its character, that it relies too much in contemplation and meditation. Madame Guyon, who is looked upon as one of its greatest exponents, cannot be convicted of this charge—from this time until her death her whole life was a life of active work and charity. She spent large sums of money on the poor of the cities in which she dwelt, and always distributed her alms with her own hand. "I went," she says, "to visit the sick, to comfort them, to make their beds. I made ointment, aided in dressing wounds, and paid the funeral expenses incurred in the interment of those who died. I sometimes privately furnished tradesmen and mechanics, who stood in need of assistance, with the means that were requisite to enable them to prosecute their business."

From this time it may be said that Madame Guyon's life, until she was shut up in prison, was a series of visits to various cities, in all of which she was the means of leading souls to God, and of helping on in the life of perfection those who had already started on that way. She thus states the object of her work and call—"When I first went forth, some supposed that I was called to the work of gaining exterior proselytes to the Church ; but it was not so. *I had a higher calling.* It was not a calling to build up a party, but to glorify God ; it was not a designation to make Catholics, but to lead persons, with God's assistance, to a knowledge of

Christ. And now I think I can say further, that God does not so much design me, in my labours hereafter, for the first conversion of sinners, as to lead those who are already beginners in the Christian life into what may be perhaps called a *perfect* conversion."

"It was my object to instruct them in the way of living by simple faith, in distinction from living *ceremonially*, and thus to lead them to rest upon God alone through Christ. I remarked to them that the way of living by faith was much more glorious to God, and much more advantageous to the soul, than any other method of living; and that they must not only cease to rely much upon outward ceremonies, but must not rely too much upon sights and sounds, in whatever way they might come to the soul; nor upon mere intellectual illuminations and gifts, nor upon strong temporary emotions and impulses, which cause the soul to rest upon something out of God and to live to self. There is a mixed way of living, partly by faith and partly by works; and also the simple and true way of living, namely, by faith alone, which is the true parent, not only of other states of the mind, but of works also."

It was in 1681 that Madame Guyon went to live at Gex, a town twelve miles from Geneva. Soon after she moved to Thonon on the Lake of Geneva; driven away from there by persecutions, she visited

in turn Turin, Grenoble, Marseilles, and finally reached Paris in 1686 after an absence of five years. During these travels people of all ranks and ages learnt to value her friendship and counsel. "It pleased God," she says, "to make use of me in the conversion of two or three ecclesiastics. Attached to the prevalent views and practices, their repugnance to the doctrines of faith and of an inward life was at first great. One of these persons at first vilified me very much. But God led him at length to see his errors, and gave him new dispositions. People flocked together from all sides, far and near. Friars, priests, men of the world, maids, wives, widows, all came, one after another, to hear what was to be said. So great was the interest felt, that for some time I was wholly occupied from six o'clock in the morning till eight in the evening in speaking of God. It was not possible to aid myself much in my remarks by meditation and study. But God was with me. He enabled me, in a wonderful manner, to understand the spiritual condition and wants of those who came to me. Many were the souls which submitted to God at this time; God only knows how many. Some appeared to be changed, as it were, in a moment. Delivered from a state in which their hearts and lips were closed, they were at once endued with gifts of prayer which were wonderful. Marvellous, indeed, was this work of the Lord."

Soon after her arrival in Paris Madame Guyon, through the malevolence of her enemies, and especially of her own half-brother and her mother, was shut up in the convent of St. Marie. Her daughter was taken from her, and for eight months she remained a close prisoner. She was only released by order of the King in October, 1688. Although for a time her active life was done, yet during her imprisonment she was able by means of letters to carry on the good work which she had so nobly begun.

We now come to the time when she made the acquaintance of one who became the ablest exponent and defender of those higher views of the religious life for which she had so long fought. It was at the house of the Duchess of Charost, near Versailles, that Madame Guyon first met the saintly Fenelon, and from that time until his death, through all her bitter persecutions by Bossuet and her imprisonment in the Bastile, the good Archbishop remained her firm and constant friend.

The rapid spread of the doctrines of an inward peace and of the total submission of the will to God's will was now beginning to alarm those who pretended to see in the spread of true religion a danger to the Church. Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, eagerly took up the question and used all the great power he possessed to get Madame Guyon silenced, but in the mean-

time a man of ability and faith had risen up to defend the doctrines of so-called Quietism, and Bossuet had to meet a powerful opponent in Fenelon, Archbishop Cambrai. It would be impossible in this short sketch to go into the history of this controversy—in time, on Bossuet's part, it degenerated into a personal and bitter attack on Fenelon. The King, Louis XIV., was strongly on the side of Bossuet, and it was through his influence that Pope Innocent XII. very unwillingly condemned Fenelon's book, "The Maxims of the Saints." The spirit in which the Archbishop conducted the controversy, in spite of his opponent's most personal attacks, is shown by the following letter addressed to Bossuet:—"May heaven forbid that I should strive for victory over any person, least of all over you! It is not man's victory, but God's glory, which I seek; and happy, thrice happy, shall I be if that object is secured, though it should be attended with *my* confusion and *your* triumph. There is no occasion, therefore, to say, We shall see who will have the advantage. I am ready now, without waiting for future developments, to acknowledge that you are my superior in science, in genius, in everything which usually commands attention. And in respect to the controversy between us, there is nothing which I wish more than to be vanquished by you, if the positions which I take are wrong. Two things only do I desire—*Truth* and *Peace;*

truth which may enlighten ; and peace which may unite us."

Bossuet gained the day, but it was through the aid of an immoral King and an immoral Archbishop. Although condemned by an earthly tribunal, the good Archbishop of Cambrai was virtually the victor, and his name and memory have ever been held in reverence and love by the Church of God.

Bossuet had many opportunities of meeting with Madame Guyon and many conversations with her. A biographer has cast into the form of a conversation much that passed between them. The following quotation will show the respective positions taken up by each :—

Madame Guyon—I hope, sir, it will not be regarded as an offence if I indulge the hope and belief that a higher experience, even a much higher one, is practicable than that which we commonly see.

Bossuet—Certainly not ; but when we see persons going so far as to speak of a love to God without any regard to self, of the entire sanctification of the heart, and of Divine union, have we not reason to fear that there is some illusion? We are told that there is "none that doth good and sinneth not."

Madame Guyon—There is no one, except the Saviour, who has not sinned. There is no one who will not always be entirely unworthy. Even when

there is a heart which Divine grace has corrected, and has rendered entirely upright, there may still be errors of perception and judgment, which will involve relatively wrong and injurious doing, and render it necessary therefore to apply continually to the blood of Christ. But while I readily concede all this, I cannot forget that we are required to be like Christ ; and that the Saviour Himself has laid the injunction upon us to love God with all our heart, and to be perfect, as our heavenly Father is perfect. My own experience has added strength to my conviction.

Bossuet—Personal experience is an important teacher. And as you have thus made a reference to what you have known experimentally, you will not think it amiss, madame, if I ask whether you regard yourself as the subject of this high religious state.

Madame Guyon—If you understand by a holy heart, one which is wholly consecrated and devoted to God, I see no reason why I should deny the grace of God, which has wrought in me, as I think, this great salvation.

Bossuet—The Saviour, madame, speaks in high terms of the man who went up into the temple and smote upon his bosom, and said, " God be merciful to me a sinner."

Madame Guyon—It is very true, sir, that this man was a sinner, but it is also true that he prayed that God would be merciful to him ; and God, who

is the hearer of prayer, did not mock either his sorrows or his petitions, but granted his request. If I may speak of myself I think I may say that I too have uttered the same prayer; I too have smitten upon my bosom in the deep anguish of a rebellious and convicted spirit. I can never forget it. Months and years witnessed the tears which I shed, but deliverance came. My wounds were healed, my tears were dried up, and my soul was crowned, and I can say with thankfulness is now crowned, with purity and peace.

Bossuet—There are but few persons who can express themselves so strongly.

Madame Guyon—I regret that it is so, and the more so because it is an evidence of the want of *faith.* Men pray to God to be merciful, without believing that He is willing to be merciful; they pray for deliverance from sin and for full sanctification, without believing that provision is made for it, and thus insult God in the very prayer they offer. Can one like yourself, who has studied the Scriptures so long and profitably, doubt the rich provisions of the Gospel, and deny, in the long catalogue of the saints of the Catholic Church, that any of them have been sanctified.

For a short time after this interview Madame Guyon was allowed to remain in peace, and she spent, with the willing consent of Bossuet, a six month's retirement in the convent of S. Mary, in

Meaux. On her leaving there for Paris, the prioress and nuns of the convent, who had learned to love her much, drew up the following expression of their sympathy and affection :—

"We, the prioress and nuns of the Visitation of S. Mary of Meaux, certify that Madame Guyon, having lived in our house, by order of our Lord Bishop of Meaux, our illustrious prelate and superior, during the space of six months, far from giving us any cause of trouble or uneasiness, has afforded us much satisfaction. We have remarked, in all her conduct and in all her words, a great regularity, simplicity, sincerity, mortification, meekness, and Christian patience ; a true devotion and esteem for whatever pertains to our most holy faith, especially the mystery of the Incarnation and of the Holy Infancy of our Lord Jesus Christ. It would be a favour and of great satisfaction to our whole community if the said lady would choose as a place of retreat, to spend the rest of her days in our house. This protestation is made without any other view than that of giving testimony to the truth.

"Done this 7th of July and signed,

"Frances Elizabeth le Pickard, Prioress.

"Sister Magdalen Aimée Gueton.

"Sister Claude Marie Amouri."

Her return to Paris, however, was a signal for the

renewed opposition of her enemies, and it was through their influence that the King ordered her to be imprisoned in the celebrated Castle of Vincennes. Here she passed a very happy time, in spite of the gloomy surroundings. "I passed my time in great peace, content to spend the remainder of my life there, if such should be the will of God. I employed part of my time in writing religious songs. I and my maid, La Guntière, who was with me in prison, committed them to heart as fast as I made them. Together we sang praises to our God! It sometimes seemed to me as if I were a little bird whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing to do now but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies. I esteemed them more than all the gaudy brilliancies of a vain world. My heart was full of that joy which Thou givest to them who love Thee in the midst of their greatest crosses."

While Madame Guyon was thus singing praise to God, her enemies were doing all they could to blast and ruin her moral character. By a forged letter, purporting to have been written by Father La Combe and confessing that he had been guilty of certain irregularities, they attempted to inveigle Madame Guyon into a similar confession. Such a dastardly attempt utterly failed, but the malice and hatred of her enemies were far from exhausted. In 1698

she was transferred to the Bastile, where she remained for four years. The following words show the spirit in which she bore her imprisonment—"I, being in the Bastile, said to Thee, O my God! if Thou art pleased to render me a spectacle to men and angels, Thy holy will be done. All that I ask is, that Thou will be with and save those who love me, so that neither life nor death, neither principalities nor powers, may ever separate them from the love of God which is in Jesus Christ. As for me, what matters it what men think of me, or what they make me suffer, since they cannot separate me from that Saviour whose name is engraven in the very bottom of my heart? If I can only be accepted of Him, I am willing that all men should despise and hate me. Their strokes will polish what may be defective in me, so that I may be presented in peace to Him, for whom I die daily. Without His favour I am wretched. O Saviour! I present myself before Thee, an offering, a sacrifice; purify me in Thy blood, that I may be accepted of Thee."

On her release from the Bastile at the age of fifty-four she was banished by the King to Blois—a city a hundred miles from Paris—where she spent the remaining fifteen years of her consecrated life—a life which was "consecrated to God, to *suffer* for Him, as well as to enjoy Him. I came out of my place of confinement in the Bastile, but in leaving my prison I did not leave the cross. My afflicted spirit began

to breathe and recover itself a little after the termination of my residence there, but my body was from that time sick and borne down with all sorts of infirmities. I have had almost continual maladies, which have often brought me to the verge of death."

Even in these her latter days she was still watched by her enemies, but her words and deeds were all for peace—indeed, her heart was so full of that "perfect peace" of which the Prophet speaks that she had nothing but words of kindness and love even for her bitterest foes. Her last counsels and encouragements to her spiritual children are full of beautiful and comforting thoughts—they breathe that entire consecration to the will of God which was so quickened in her life. "My children, let Christ alone be all in all, *in* and *for* us, in order that the work of sanctification, resting upon the basis of Divine truth, may be carried on and perfected in our souls. To Christ belongs all wisdom, all strength, all greatness, all power and glory. To ourselves, considered as separate from Christ, belongs nothing but poverty, emptiness, weakness, and misery. Let us, then, while we recognize and abide in our nothingness, pay homage to the power and the holiness of Christ. In this way we shall find all that we want. If, in the spirit of self-reliance, we seek anything *out of Christ*, then we are not His true followers. The truth abideth not in us. We de-

ceive ourselves, and in that state shall never become the true saints of God."

A short time before her death she wrote her will, of which the following is an extract. It shows how full was her trust and how strong her hope in the power of the Divine keeping :—"In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. This is my last will and testament, which I request my executors, who are named therein, see executed. It is to Thee, O Lord God, that I owe all things ; and it is to Thee that I now surrender up all that I am. Do with me, O my God, whatsoever Thou pleasest. To Thee, in an act of irrevocable donation, I give up both my body and soul, to be disposed of according to Thy will. Thou seest my nakedness and misery without Thee. Thou knowest that there is nothing in heaven or in earth that I desire but Thee alone. Within Thy hands, O God, I leave my soul, not relying for my salvation on any good that is in me, but solely on Thy mercies, *and the merits and sufferings of my Lord Jesus Christ.*"

Madame Guyon died at half-past eleven o'clock on the night of the 9th of June, 1717 ; she died as she had lived, in peace and hope. Her body was buried in the Church of the Cordeliers at Blois.

As we look back upon the life of this sainted woman—saint and confessor—this thought rises instantly to our mind, How is it that such a character, instead of receiving persecutions and imprisonments

from the hand of Mother Church, did not receive the crown of canonization? For her there was the Bastile and persecutions—for Francis of Sales the veneration of his contemporaries and the title of saint. Madame Guyon, as she herself proves in her "justification," was not advocating a *new* way, but was simply treading in the footsteps of S. Dionysius, S. Bernard, John Climacus, Catherine of Genoa, John of the Cross, S. Thomas-à-Kempis, and many others. We can only understand such treatment by the fact that the times in which she lived were times of open profligacy and vice, and any life—especially that of a woman's—which showed a better way was not for one moment to be tolerated.

Truly it can be said that such a life needs little comment. It is a story more fascinating than many a romance, it is the "old, old story"—the story of the Cross. It is a story which reveals to us that our Blessed Lord would have His people not only justified but also sanctified, and that this higher state is for every one and not for a select few.

There are many loving, longing hearts wearily seeking after the peace and rest such a life describes; it may be that God will show them, by the Holy Spirit's aid, as they read this story, where true peace and rest are really to be found.

There are, too, many who as yet have been content to walk with very little assurance and blessed confidence—to *such* the message may come of a

higher walk and closer union with their Lord, for "*all* things are possible to him that *believeth*."

✠ "Jesus only. Jesus always. All for Jesus." ✠

"I worship thee, sweet Will of God!
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more.

"Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of our Saviour's toils and tears;
Thou wert the passion of His heart
Those three-and-thirty years.

"And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of thee,
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

—*Faber.*

POEMS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS CONCERNING THE INTERIOR LIFE, OR THE SPIRIT OF TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

THE NATIVITY.

Poème Héroïque—Vol. IV. § 4.

'Tis folly all !—let me no more be told
Of Parian porticos, and roofs of gold ;
Delightful views of nature, dress'd by art,
Enchant no longer this indifferent heart ;
The Lord of all things, in His humble birth,
Makes mean the proud magnificence of earth ;
The straw, the manger, and the mouldering wall,
Eclipse its lustre ; and I scorn it all.

Canals, and fountains, and delicious vales,
Green slopes and plains, whose plenty never fails ;
Deep-rooted groves, whose heads sublimely rise,
Earth-born, and yet ambitious of the skies,
The abundant foliage of whose gloomy shades
Vainly the sun in all its power invades,
Where warbled airs of sprightly birds resound,

Whose verdure lives while Winter scowls around ;
Rocks, lofty mountains, caverns dark and deep,
And torrents raving down the rugged steep,
Smooth downs, whose fragrant herbs the spirits cheer,
Meads crown'd with flowers, streams musical and clear,
Whose silver waters and whose murmurs join
Their artless charms to make the scene divine ;
The fruitful vineyard, and the furrow'd plain,
That seems a rolling sea of golden grain,
All, all have lost the charms they once possess'd ;
An infant God reigns sovereign in my breast ;
From Bethlehem's bosom I no more will rove ;
There dwells the Saviour, and there rests my love.

Ye mightier rivers, that, with sounding force,
Urge down the valleys your impetuous course !
Winds, clouds, and lightnings ! and, ye waves, whose heads,
Curl'd into monstrous forms, the seaman dreads !
Horrid abyss, where all experience fails,
Spread with the wreck of planks and shattered sails ;
On whose broad back grim Death triumphant rides,
While havock floats on all thy swelling tides,
Thy shores a scene of ruin, strew'd around
With vessels bulged, and bodies of the drown'd !

Ye fish that sport beneath the boundless waves,
And rest, secure from man, in rocky caves ;
Swift-darting sharks, and whales of hideous size,
Whom all the aquatic world with terror eyes !
Had I but faith immoveable and true,
I might defy the fiercest storm, like you.
The world, a more disturb'd and boisterous sea,
When Jesus shows a smile, affrights not me ;
He hides me, and in vain the billows roar,
Break harmless at my feet, and leave the shore.

Thou azure vault, where, through the gloom of night,
Thick sown, we see such countless worlds of light !
Thou Moon, whose car encompassing the skies,
Restores lost nature to our wondering eyes,
Again retiring when the brighter Sun
Begins the course he seems in haste to run,
Behold him where he shines ! His rapid rays,
Themselves unmeasured, measure all our days ;
Nothing impedes the race he would pursue,
Nothing escapes his penetrating view,
A thousand lands confess his quickening heat,
And all he cheers are fruitful, fair, and sweet.

Far from enjoying what these scenes disclose,
I feel the thorn, alas ! but miss the rose :
Too well I know this aching heart requires
More solid good to fill its vast desires ;
In vain they represent His matchless might,

Who call'd them out of deep primeval night;
Their form and beauty but augment my woe:
I seek the giver of those charms they show:
Nor, Him beside, throughout the world He made,
Lives there in whom I trust for cure or aid.

Infinite God, thou great unrivall'd ONE!
Whose glory makes a blot of yonder sun;
Compared with Thine, how dim his beauty seems,
How quench'd the radiance of his golden beams!
Thou art the bliss, the light by which I move;
In Thee alone dwells all that I can love;
All darkness flies when Thou art pleased t' appear,
A sudden spring renews the fading year;
Where'er I turn I see thy power and grace,
The watchful guardians of our heedless race;
Thy various creatures in one strain agree,
All, in all times and places, speak of Thee;
Even I, with trembling heart and stammering tongue,
Attempt Thy praise, and join the general song.

Almighty Former of this wondrous plan,
Faintly reflected in thine image, Man,—
Holy and just, the greatness of whose name
Fills and supports this universal frame,
Diffused throughout the infinitude of space,
Who art Thyself Thine own vast dwelling place;
Soul of our soul, whom yet no sense of ours

Discerns, eluding our most active powers ;
Encircling shades attend thine awful throne,
That veil thy face, and keep Thee still unknown,
Unknown, though dwelling in our inmost part,
Lord of the thoughts, and Sovereign of the heart !

Repeat the charming truth that never tires,
No God is like the God my soul desires !
He at whose voice heaven trembles, even He,
Great as he is, knows how to stoop to me.
Lo ! there he lies,—that smiling infant said,
" Heaven, earth, and sea exist ! "—and they obey'd.
Even He, whose Being swells beyond the skies,
Is born of woman, lives, and mourns, and dies ;
Eternal and Immortal, seems to cast
That glory from His brows, and breathes His last.
Trivial and vain the works that man has wrought,
How do they shrink and vanish at the thought !

Sweet solitude, and scene of my repose !
This rustic sight assuages all my woes.—
That crib contains the Lord whom I adore ;
And earth's a shade, that I pursue no more.
He is my firm support, my rock, my tower,
I dwell secure beneath His sheltering power,
And hold this mean retreat for ever dear,
For all I love, my soul's delight, is here.
I see the Almighty swathed in infant bands,
Tied helpless down the thunder-bearer's hands,

And, in this shed, that mystery discern,
Which Faith and Love, and they alone, can learn.

Ye tempests, spare the slumbers of your Lord!
Ye zephyrs, all your whisper'd sweets afford!
Confess the God, that guides the rolling year;
Heaven, do him homage; and thou, Earth, revere!
Ye shepherds, monarchs, sages, hither bring
Your hearts an offering, and adore your King!
Pure be those hearts, and rich in faith and love;
Join in His praise, the harmonious world above:
To Bethlehem haste, rejoice in His repose,
And praise Him there for all that He bestows!

Man, busy Man, alas! can ill afford
T' obey the summons, and attend the Lord;
Perverted reason revels and runs wild,
By glittering shows of pomp and wealth beguiled,
And, blind to genuine excellence and grace,
Finds not her author in so mean a place.
Ye unbelieving! learn a wiser part,
Distrust your erring sense, and search your heart;
There, soon ye shall perceive a kindling flame
Glow for that infant God, from whom it came;
Resist not, quench not, that divine desire,
Melt all your adamant in heavenly fire!

Not so will I requite thee, gentle Love!
Yielding and soft this heart shall ever prove;

And every heart beneath thy power should fall,
Glad to submit, could mine contain them all.
But I am poor ; oblation I have none,
None for a Saviour, but Himself alone :

Whate'er I render Thee, from Thee it came ;
And, if I give my body to the flame,
My patience, love, and energy divine
Of heart, and soul, and spirit, all are Thine.
Ah, vain attempt to expunge the mighty score !
The more I pay, I owe Thee still the more.

Upon my meanness, poverty, and guilt,
The trophy of Thy glory shall be built ;
My self-disdain shall be th' unshaken base,
And my deformity its fairest grace ;
For destitute of good and rich in ill,
Must be my state and my description still.

And do I grieve at such an humbling lot?
Nay, but I cherish and enjoy the thought—
Vain pageantry and pomp of earth, adieu !
I have no wish, no memory for you ;
The more I feel my misery, I adore
The sacred Inmate of my soul the more ;
Rich in His love, I feel my noblest pride
Spring from the sense of having naught beside.

In Thee I find wealth, comfort, virtue, might ;
My wanderings prove Thy wisdom infinite ;

All that I have I give Thee ; and then see
All contrarieties unite in Thee ;
For Thou hast join'd them, taking up our woe,
And pouring out Thy bliss on worms below,
By filling with Thy grace and love divine
A gulf of evil in this heart of mine.
This is indeed to bid the valleys rise,
And the hills sink,—'tis matching Earth and Skies!
I feel my weakness, thank Thee, and deplore
An aching heart, that throbs to thank Thee more ;
The more I love Thee, I the more reprove
A soul so lifeless, and so slow to love ;
Till, on a deluge of Thy mercy toss'd,
I plunge into that sea, and there am lost.

GOD NEITHER KNOWN NOR LOVED BY THE WORLD.

(Vol. II. Cantique II.)

Ye linnets, let us try, beneath this grove,
Which shall be loudest in our Maker's praise!
In quest of some forlorn retreat I rove,
For all the world is blind, and wanders from
His ways.

That God alone should prop the sinking soul,
Fills them with rage against His empire now:
I traverse earth in vain from pole to pole,
To seek one simple heart, set free from all below.

They speak of Love, yet little feel its sway,
While in their bosoms many an idol lurks;
Their base desires, well satisfied, obey,
Leave the Creator's hand, and lean upon His works.

'Tis therefore I can dwell with man no more;
Your fellowship, ye warblers! suits me best:
Pure love has lost its price, though prized of yore,
Profaned by modern tongues, and slighted as a jest.

My God, who formed you for His praise alone,
Beholds His purpose well fulfilled in you;
Come, let us join the choir before His throne,
Partaking in His praise with spirits just and true!

Yes, I will always love; and, as I ought,
Tune to the praise of Love my ceaseless voice;
Preferring love too vast for human thought,
In spite of erring men, who cavil at my choice.

Why have I not a thousand thousand hearts,
Lord of my soul! that they might all be Thine?

If Thou approve,—the zeal Thy smile imparts,
How should it ever fail! can such a fire decline?

Love, pure and holy, is a deathless fire;
Its object heavenly, it must ever blaze:
Eternal Love a God must needs inspire,
When once He wins the heart, and fits it for His praise.

Self-love dismissed,—'tis then we live indeed,—
In her embrace, death, only death is found:
Come, then, one noble effort, and succeed,
Cast off the chain of Self with which thy soul is bound!

Oh! I could cry, that all the world might hear,
Ye self-tormentors, love your God alone;
Let His unequalled excellence be dear,
Dear to your inmost souls, and make Him all your own!

They hear me not.—Alas! how fond to rove
In endless chase of Folly's specious lure!
'Tis here alone, beneath this shady grove,
I taste the sweets of Truth,—here only am secure.

THE SWALLOW.

(Vol. II. Cantique 54.)

I AM fond of the swallow;—I learn from her flight,
Had I skill to improve it, a lesson of Love;
How seldom on earth do we see her alight!
She dwells in the skies, she is ever above.

It is on the wing that she takes her repose,
Suspended and poised in the regions of air;
'Tis not in our fields that her sustenance grows—
It is wing'd like herself, 'tis ethereal fare.

She comes in the spring, all the summer she stays,
And, dreading the cold, still follows the sun;—
So, true to our Love, we should covet His rays,
And the place where He shines not, immediately shun.

Our light should be Love, and our nourishment prayer;
It is dangerous food that we find upon earth:
The fruit of this world is beset with a snare—
In itself it is hurtful, as vile in its birth.

'Tis rarely, if ever, she settles below,
And only when building a nest for her young;

Were it not for her brood, she would never bestow
A thought upon anything so filthy as dung.

Let us leave it ourselves ('tis a mortal abode,)
To bask every moment in infinite Love ;
Let us fly the dark winter, and follow the road
That leads to the day-spring appearing above.

THE TRIUMPH OF HEAVENLY LOVE DESIRED.

(Vol. II. Cantique 236.)

Ah ! reign, wherever man is found,
My Spouse, beloved and divine !
Then I am rich, and I abound,
When every human heart is Thine.

A thousand sorrows pierce my soul,
To think that all are not Thine own :
Ah ! be adored from pole to pole ;
Where is Thy zeal ? arise ; be known !

All hearts are cold, in ev'ry place,
Yet earthly good with warmth pursue ;
Dissolve them with a flash of grace,
Thaw these of ice, and give us new !

A FIGURATIVE DESCRIPTION OF THE PROCEDURE OF DIVINE LOVE

IN BRINGING A SOUL TO THE POINT OF SELF-RENUNCIATION AND ABSOLUTE ACQUIESCENCE.

(Vol. II. Cantique 110.)

'Twas my purpose on a day
To embark and sail away.
As I climb'd the vessel's side,
Love was sporting in the tide ;
"Come," He said, "ascend ! make haste,
Launch into the boundless waste."

Many mariners were there,
Having each his separate care ;
They that row'd us held their eyes
Fix'd upon the starry skies ;
Others steer'd, or turn'd the sails
To receive the shifting gales.

Love, with power Divine supplied,
Suddenly my courage tried ;
In a moment it was night—
Ship and skies were out of sight ;
On the briny wave I lay,
Floating rushes all my stay.

Did I with resentment burn
At this unexpected turn ?

Did I wish myself on shore,
Never to forsake it more?
No :—" My soul," I cried, " be still !
If I must be lost, I will."

Next He hasten'd to convey
Both my frail supports away;
Seized my rushes ; bade the waves
Yawn into a thousand graves:
Down I went, and sank as lead,
Ocean closing o'er my head.

Still, however, life was safe ;
And I saw Him turn and laugh:
" Friend," He cried, " adieu ! be low,
While the wintry storms shall blow;
When the Spring has calmed the main,
You shall rise, and float again."

Soon I saw Him with dismay
Spread His plumes and soar away;
Now I mark His rapid flight :
Now He leaves my aching sight.
He is gone whom I adore,
'Tis in vain to seek Him more.

How I trembled then and fear'd,
When my Love had disappear'd !
" Wilt Thou leave me thus," I cried,
" Whelm'd beneath the rolling tide? "

Vain attempt to reach His ear !
Love was gone, and would not hear.

Ah ! return and love me still :
See me subject to Thy will:
Frown with wrath or smile with grace,
Only let me see Thy face !
Evil I have none to fear;
All is good, if Thou art near.

Yet He leaves me,—cruel fate !
Leaves me in my lost estate;
Have I sinn'd ? Oh, say wherein;
Tell me, and forgive my sin !
King, and Lord, whom I adore,
Shall I see Thy face no more ?

Be not angry—I resign
Henceforth all my will to Thine.
I consent that Thou depart,
Though Thine absence breaks my heart.
Go, then, and for ever, too;
All is right that Thou wilt do.

This was just what Love intended;
He was now no more offended;
Soon as I became a child,
Love return'd to me and smiled.
Never strife shall more betide
'Twixt the Bridegroom and His Bride.

A CHILD OF GOD LONGING TO SEE HIM BELOVED.

(Vol. II. Cantique 144.)

THERE'S not an echo round me,
But I am glad should learn
How pure a fire has found me,—
The Love with which I burn.
For none attends with pleasure
To what I would reveal;
They slight me out of measure,
And laugh at all I feel.

The rocks receive less proudly
The story of my flame;
When I approach, they loudly
Reverberate His name.
I speak to them of sadness,
And comforts at a stand;
They bid me look for gladness,
And better days at hand.

Far from all habitation,
I heard a happy sound;
Big with the consolation
That I have often found;

I said, " My lot is sorrow,
My grief has no alloy;"
The rocks replied, " To-morrow,
To-morrow brings thee joy."

These sweet and sacred tidings
What bliss it is to hear !
For spite of all my chidings,
My weakness and my fear,
No sooner I receive them,
Than I forget my pain,
And happy to believe them,
I love as much again.

I fly to scenes romantic,
Where never men resort:
For in an age so frantic
Impiety is sport.
For riot and confusion,
They barter things above;
Condemning, as delusion,
The joy of perfect Love.

In this sequestered corner
None hears what I express;
Delivered from the scorner,
What peace do I possess !
Beneath the boughs reclining,
Or roving o'er the wild,

I live as undesigning
And harmless as a child,

No troubles here surprise me,
I innocently play,
While Providence supplies me,
And guards me all the day:
My dear and kind Defender
Preserves me safely here,
From men of pomp and splendour,
Who fill a child with fear.

ASPIRATIONS OF THE SOUL AFTER GOD.

(Vol. II. Cantique 95.)

My Spouse! in whose presence I live,
Sole object of all my desires;
Who know'st what a flame I conceive,
And canst easily double its fires;
How pleasant is all that I meet!
From fear of adversity free,
I find even sorrow made sweet,
Because 'tis assigned me by Thee.

Transported I see Thee display
Thy riches and glory divine;
I have only my life to repay—
Take what I would gladly resign.
Thy will is the treasure I seek,
For Thou art as faithful as strong;
There let me, obedient and meek,
Repose myself all the day long.

My spirits and faculties fail;
Oh! finish what Love has begun!
Destroy what is sinful and frail,
And dwell in the soul Thou hast won!
Dear theme of my wonder and praise,
I cry, who is worthy as Thou!
I can only be silent and gaze;
'Tis all that is left to me now.

Oh! glory, in which I am lost,
Too deep for the plummet of thought;
On an ocean of Deity tossed,
I am swallowed, I sink into nought.
Yet lost and absorbed as I seem,
I chant to the praise of my King;
And though overwhelmed by the theme,
Am happy whenever I sing.

GRATITUDE AND LOVE TO GOD.

(Vol. II. Cantique 96.)

ALL are indebted much to Thee,
But I far more than all;
From many a deadly snare set free,
And raised from many a fall.
Overwhelm me from above
Daily with Thy boundless love.

What bonds of gratitude I feel,
No language can declare;
Beneath the oppressive weight I reel,
'Tis more than I can bear;
When shall I that blessing prove,
To return Thee love for love?

Spirit of Charity! Dispense
Thy grace to every heart—
Expel all other Spirits thence;
Drive self from every part.
Charity Divine! Draw nigh;
Break the chains in which we lie.

All selfish souls, whate'er they feign,
Have still a slavish lot:
They boast of Liberty in vain,
Of Love, and feel it not.

He whose bosom glows with Thee,
He, and he alone, is free.

O blessedness all bliss above,
When Thy pure fires prevail!
Love * only teaches what is Love;
All other lessons fail.
We learn its name, but not its powers:
Experience only makes it ours.

*God is *Love*. 1 S. John iv. 8.

HAPPY SOLITUDE—UNHAPPY MEN.

(Vol. II. Cantique 89.)

My heart is easy, and my burden light;
I smile, though sad, when Thou art in my sight:
The more my woes in secret I deplore,
I taste Thy goodness and I love the more.

There, while a solemn stillness reigns around,
Faith, Love, and Hope within my soul abound;
And while the world suppose me lost in care,
The joy of angels, unperceived, I share.

Thy creatures wrong Thee, O Thou Sovereign Good!
Thou art not loved, because not understood;
This grieves me most, that vain pursuits beguile
Ungrateful men, regardless of Thy smile.

Frail beauty and false honour are adored;
While Thee they scorn, and trifle with Thy Word;
Pass, unconcern'd, a Saviour's sorrows by;
And hunt their ruin with a zeal to die.

LIVING WATER.

(Vol. IV. Cantique 81.)

THE fountain in its source
No drought of summer fears;
The farther it pursues its course,
The nobler it appears.

But shallow cisterns yield
A scanty, short supply;
The morning sees them amply filled,
At evening they are dry.

TRUTH AND DIVINE LOVE REJECTED BY THE WORLD.

(Vol. II. Cantique 22.)

O LOVE, of pure and heavenly birth!
O simple Truth, scarce known on earth!

Whom men resist with stubborn will:—
And, more perverse and daring still,
Smother and quench with reasonings vain,
While Error and Deception reign.

Whence comes it that, your power the same,
As His on High from whom you came,
Ye rarely find a listening ear,
Or heart that makes you welcome here?—
Because ye bring reproach and pain,
Where'er ye visit, in your train.

The world is proud, and cannot bear
The scorn and calumny ye share;—
The praise of men the mark they mean,
They fly the place where ye are seen.
Pure Love, with scandal in the rear,
Suits not the vain: it costs too dear.

Then let the price be what it may,
Though poor, I am prepared to pay;—
Come shame, come sorrow; spite of tears,
Weakness, and heart-oppressing fears,
One soul, at least, shall not repine
To give you room: come, reign in mine!

DIVINE JUSTICE AMIABLE.

(Vol. II. Cantique 9.)

Thou hast no lightnings, O Thou Just!
Or I their force should know;
And, if Thou strike me into dust,
My soul approves the blow.

The heart that values less its ease,
Than it adores Thy ways,
In Thine avenging anger sees
A subject of its praise.

Pleased I could lie, conceal'd and lost,
In shades of central night;
Not to avoid Thy wrath, Thou know'st,
But lest I grieve Thy sight.

Smite me, O Thou whom I provoke!
And I will love Thee still.
The well-deserved and righteous stroke
Shall please me, though it kill.

Am I not worthy to sustain
The worst Thou canst devise?
And dare I seek Thy throne again,
And meet Thy sacred eyes?

Far from afflicting, Thou art kind,
And in my saddest hours,
An unction of Thy grace I find
Pervading all my powers.

Alas ! Thou spar'st me yet again,
And when Thy wrath should move,
Too gentle to endure my pain,
Thou sooth'st me with Thy love.

I have no punishment to fear;
But, ah ! that smile from Thee
Imparts a pang far more severe
Than woe itself would be.

THE SOUL THAT LOVES GOD FINDS HIM EVERYWHERE.

(Vol. II. Cantique 108.)

Oh Thou, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Love ! how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment !

All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impressed with sacred Love !
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

To me remains no place nor time;
My country is in every clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

My country, Lord, art Thou alone;
No other can I claim or own;
The point where all my wishes meet;
My Law, my Love; life's only sweet!

I hold by nothing here below;
Appoint my journey, and I go;
Though pierced by scorn, oppress'd by pride,
I feel Thee good, feel nought beside.

No frowns of men can hurtful prove
To souls on fire with heavenly Love;
Though men and devils both condemn,
No gloomy days arise from them.

Ah then ! to His embrace repair ;
My soul, thou art no stranger there ;
There Love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

THE TESTIMONY OF DIVINE ADOPTION.

(Vol. II. Cantique 78.)

How happy are the new-born race ;
Partakers of adopting grace ;
  How pure the bliss they share !
Hid from the world and all its eyes,
Within their heart the blessing lies,
  And conscience feels it there.

The moment we believe, 'tis ours ;
And if we love with all our powers
  The God from whom it came :
And if we serve with hearts sincere,
'Tis still discernible and clear,
  An undisputed claim.

But, ah ! if foul and wilful sin
Stain and dishonour us within,
  Farewell the joy we knew ;
Again the slaves of Nature's sway,
In labyrinths of our own we stray,
  Without a guide or clue.

The chaste and pure who fear to grieve
The gracious Spirit they receive,
  His work distinctly trace ;
And, strong in undissembling love,
Boldly assert and clearly prove
  Their hearts his dwelling-place.

O messenger of dear delight,
Whose voice dispels the deepest night,
  Sweet peace-proclaiming Dove !
With Thee at hand, to soothe our pains,
No wish unsatisfied remains,
  No task but that of Love.

'Tis Love unites what Sin divides ;
The centre, where all bliss resides ;
  To which the soul once brought,
Reclining on the first great Cause,
From his abounding sweetness draws
  Peace passing human thought.

Sorrow foregoes its nature there,
And life assumes a tranquil air,
  Divested of its woes ;
There sovereign goodness soothes the breast,
Till then incapable of rest,
  In sacred sure repose.

DIVINE LOVE ENDURES NO RIVAL.

(Vol. II. Cantique 155.)

Love is the Lord whom I obey,
Whose will transported I perform ;
The centre of my rest, my stay,
Love's all in all to me, myself a worm.

For uncreated charms I burn,
Oppress'd by slavish fear no more ;
For One in whom I may discern,
Even when He frowns, a sweetness I adore.

He little loves Him who complains,
And finds him rigorous and severe ;
His heart is sordid, and he feigns,
Though loud in boasting of a soul sincere.

Love causes grief, but 'tis to move
And stimulate the slumbering mind ;
And he has never tasted Love
Who shuns a pang so graciously design'd.

Sweet is the cross, above all sweets,
To souls enamour'd with Thy smiles ;
The keenest woe life ever meets
Love strips of all its terrors, and beguiles.

'Tis just that God should not be dear
Where self engrosses all the thought,
And groans and murmurs make it clear,
Whatever else is loved, the Lord is not.

The love of Thee flows just as much
As that of ebbing self subsides;
Our hearts, their scantiness is such,
Bear not the conflict of two rival tides.

Both cannot govern in one soul;
Then let self-love be dispossess'd;
The Love of God deserves the whole,
And will not dwell with so despised a guest.

SELF-DIFFIDENCE.

(Vol. II. Cantique 125.)

SOURCE of love and light of day,
Tear me from myself away;
Every view and thought of mine
Cast into the mould of Thine;
Teach, O teach this faithless heart
A consistent constant part;
Or, if it must live to grow
More rebellious, break it now!

Is it thus that I requite
Grace and goodness infinite?
Every trace of every boon
Cancell'd and erased so soon!
Can I grieve Thee, whom I love;
Thee in whom I live and move?
If my sorrow touch Thee still,
Save me from so great an ill!

Oh! the oppressive, irksome weight
Felt in an uncertain state;
Comfort, peace, and rest adieu,
Should I prove at last untrue!
Still I choose Thee, follow still
Every notice of Thy will;
But unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.

Self-confiding wretch, I thought
I could serve Thee as I ought,
Win Thee, and deserve to feel
All the Love Thou canst reveal!
Trusting self, a bruised reed,
Is to be deceived indeed.
Save me from this harm and loss,
Lest my gold turn all to dross!

Self is earthly—Faith alone
Makes an unseen world our own;

Faith relinquish'd, how we roam,
Feel our way, and leave our home!
Spurious gems our hopes entice,
While we scorn the pearl of price;
And, preferring servants' pay,
Cast the children's bread away.

THE ACQUIESCENCE OF PURE LOVE.

(Vol. II. Cantique 135.)

Love! if Thy destined sacrifice am I,
Come, slay Thy victim, and prepare thy fires;
Plunged in Thy depths of mercy, let me die
The death which every soul that lives desires!

I watch my hours, and see them fleet away;
The time is long that I have languished here;
Yet all my thoughts Thy purposes obey,
With no reluctance, cheerful and sincere.

To me 'tis equal, whether Love ordain
My life or death, appoint me pain or ease;
My soul perceives no real ill in pain;
In ease or health no real good she sees.

One Good she covets, and that Good alone;
To choose Thy will, from selfish bias free;
And to prefer a cottage to a throne,
And grief to comfort, if it pleases Thee.

That we should bear the cross is Thy command,
Die to the world, and live to self no more ;
Suffer, unmoved, beneath the rudest hand,
As pleas'd when shipwreck'd as when safe on shore.

REPOSE IN GOD.

(Vol II. Cantique 17.)

Blest ! who far from all mankind,
This world's shadows left behind,
Hears from Heaven a gentle strain
Whispering Love, and loves again.

Blest ! who free from self-esteem,
Dives into the Great Supreme,
All desire beside discards,
Joys inferior none regards.

Blest ! who in Thy bosom seeks
Rest that nothing earthly breaks,
Dead to self and worldly things,
Lost in Thee, Thou King of Kings!

Ye that know my secret fire,
Softly speak and soon retire ;
Favour my divine repose,
Spare the sleep a God bestows.

GLORY TO GOD ALONE.

(Vol. II. Cantique 15.)

Oh ! lov'd ! but not enough—though dearer far
Than self and its most loved enjoyments are ;
None duly loves Thee, but who, nobly free
From sensual objects, find his all in Thee.

Glory of God ! Thou stranger here below,
Whom man nor knows, nor feels a wish to know ;
Our Faith and Reason are both shock'd to find
Man in the post of honour—Thee behind.

Reason exclaims—" Let every creature fall,
Asham'd, abas'd, before the Lord of all."
And Faith o'erwhelmed with such a dazzling blaze,
Feebly describes the beauty she surveys.

Yet man, dim-sighted man, and rash as blind,
Deaf to the dictates of his better mind,
In frantic competition dares the skies,
And claims precedence of the only wise.

Oh, lost in vanity, till once self-known !
Nothing is great, or good, but God alone ;
When thou shalt stand before His awful face,
Then, at the last, thy pride shall know His place.

Glorious, Almighty, First, and without end!
When wilt Thou melt the mountains, and descend!
When wilt thou shoot abroad Thy conqu'ring rays
And teach these atoms Thou hast made Thy praise?

Thy Glory is the sweetest heaven I feel;
And, if I seek it with too fierce a zeal,
Thy Love, triumphant o'er a selfish will,
Taught me the passion, and inspires it still.

My reason, all my faculties, unite,
To make Thy glory their supreme delight;
Forbid it, Fountain of my brightest days,
That I should rob Thee, and usurp Thy praise!

My soul! rest happy in thy low estate,
Nor hope, nor wish, to be esteem'd or great;
To take the impression of a will divine,
Be that thy glory, and those riches thine.

Confess Him righteous in His just decrees,
Love what He loves, and let His pleasure please;
Die daily; from the touch of sin recede;
Then thou hast crown'd Him, and He reigns indeed.

SELF-LOVE AND TRUTH INCOMPATIBLE.

(Vol. II. Cantique 21.)

FROM thorny wilds a monster came,
That filled my soul with fear and shame ;
The birds, forgetful of their mirth,
Drooped at the sight and fell to earth ;
When thus a sage addressed mine ear,
Himself unconscious of a fear :

" Whence all this terror and surprise,
Distracted looks and streaming eyes ?
Far from the world and its affairs,
The joy it boasts, the pain it shares,
Surrender, without guile or art,
To God, an undivided heart ;
The savage form, so feared before,
Shall scare your trembling soul no more ;
For loathsome as the sight may be,
'Tis but the *Love of self* you see.

. . . . . .

Fix all your love in God alone,
Choose but His will, and hate your own ;
No fear shall in your path be found,

The dreary waste shall bloom around,
And you, through all your happy days,
Shall bless His name, and sing His praise."

Oh, lovely solitude, how sweet
The silence of this calm retreat!
Here Truth, the fair whom I pursue,
Gives all her beauty to my view;
The simple, unadorned display
Charms every pain and fear away.
O Truth, whom millions proudly slight;
O Truth, my treasure and delight;
Accept this tribute to Thy name,
And this poor heart, from which it came!

THE LOVE OF GOD THE END OF LIFE.

(Vol. II. Cantique 165.)

Since life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it—I am well content,
And meekly wait my last remove,
Seeking only growth in love.

No bliss I seek, but to fulfil
In life, in death, Thy lovely will;
No succours in my woes I want,
Save what Thou art pleased to grant.

Our days are number'd, let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care,
'Tis Thine to number out our days,
Ours to give them to Thy praise.

Love is our only business here—
Love, simple, constant, and sincere;
O blessed days, Thy servants see;
Spent, O Lord! in pleasing Thee!

LOVE FAITHFUL IN THE ABSENCE OF THE BELOVED.

(Vol. IV. Cantique 49.)

In vain ye woo me to your harmless joys,
Ye pleasant bowers, remote from strife and noise;
Your shades, the witnesses of many a vow
Breathed forth in happier days, are irksome now;
Denied that smile 'twas once my heaven to see,
Such scenes, such pleasures, are all past with me.

In vain He leaves me, I shall love Him still;
And though I mourn, not murmur at His will;
I have no cause—an object all divine
Might well grow weary of a soul like mine;
Yet pity me, great God! forlorn, alone,
Heartless and hopeless, Life and Love all gone.

LOVE PURE AND FERVENT.

(Vol IV. Cantique 31.)

Jealous, and with love o'erflowing,
God demands a fervent heart;
Grace and bounty still bestowing,
Calls us to a grateful part.

Oh, then, with supreme affection
His paternal Will regard!
If it cost us some dejection,
Every sigh has its reward.

Perfect Love has power to soften
Cares that might our peace destroy;
Nay, does more—transforms them often,
Changing sorrow into joy.

Sovereign Love appoints the measure
And the number of our pains;
And is pleased when we find pleasure
In the trials He ordains.

THE ENTIRE SURRENDER.

(Vol. IV. Cantique 77.

Peace has unveil'd her smiling face,
And woos thy soul to her embrace,
Enjoy'd with ease, if thou refrain
From earthly love, else sought in vain ;
She dwells with all who Truth prefer,
But seeks not them who seek not her.

Yield to the Lord, with simple heart,
All that thou hast, and all thou art ;
Renounce all strength but strength divine,
And peace shall be for ever thine :
Behold the path which I have trod,
My path, till I go home to God.

THE PERFECT SACRIFICE.

(Vol. IV. Cantique 74.)

I place an offering at Thy shrine,
From taint and blemish clear,
Simple and pure in its design,
Of all that I hold dear.

I yield Thee back Thy gifts again,
  Thy gifts which most I prize ;
Desirous only to retain
  The notice of Thine eyes.

But if, by Thine adored decree,
  That blessing be denied ;
Resign'd and unreluctant, see
  My every wish subside.

Thy will in all things I approve,
  Exalted or cast down !
Thy will in every state I love,
  And even in Thy frown.

GOD HIDES HIS PEOPLE.

(Vol. IV. Cantique 42.)

To lay the soul that loves him low,
  Becomes the Only-wise :
To hide, beneath a veil of woe,
  The children of the skies.

Man, though a worm, would yet be great ;
  Though feeble, would seem strong ;
Assumes an independent state,
  By sacrilege and wrong.

Strange the reverse, which once abased,
The haughty creature proves!
He feels his soul a barren waste,
Nor dares affirm he loves.

Scorn'd by the thoughtless and the vain,
To God he presses near;
Superior to the world's disdain,
And happy in its sneer.

O welcome, in his heart he says,
Humility and shame!
Farewell the wish for human praise,
The music of a name!

But will not scandal mar the good
That I might else perform?
And can God work it, if He would,
By so despised a worm?

Ah, vainly anxious!—leave the Lord
To rule thee, and dispose;
Sweet is the mandate of His word,
And gracious all He does.

He draws from human littleness
His grandeur and renown;
And generous hearts with joy confess
The triumph all His own.

Down then with self-exalting thoughts ;
Thy faith and hope employ
To welcome all that He allots,
And suffer shame with joy.

No longer, then, thou wilt encroach
On His eternal right ;
And He shall smile at thy approach,
And make thee His delight.

THE SECRETS OF DIVINE LOVE ARE TO BE KEPT.

(Vol. III. Cantique 48.)

Sun ! stay thy course, this moment stay—
Suspend the o'erflowing tide of day,
Divulge not such a love as mine,
Ah ! hide the mystery divine ;
Lest man, who deems my glory shame,
Should learn the secret of my flame.

O Night ! propitious to my views,
Thy sable awning wide diffuse ;
Conceal alike my joy and pain,
Nor draw thy curtain back again,
Though Morning, by the tears she shows,
Seems to participate my woes.

Ye Stars! whose faint and feeble fires
Express my languishing desires,
Whose slender beams pervade the skies
As silent as my secret sighs,
Those emanations of a soul,
That darts her fires beyond the pole ;

Your rays, that scarce assist the sight,
That pierce, but not displace the night,
That shine indeed, but nothing show
Of all those various scenes below,
Bring no disturbance, rather prove
Incentives to a sacred love.

Thou Moon! whose never failing course
Bespeaks a providential force,
Go, tell the tidings of my flame
To Him who calls the stars by name,
Whose absence kills, whose presence cheers,
Who blots or brightens all my years.

While, in the blue abyss of space,
Thine orb performs its rapid race,
Still whisper in His listening ears
The language of my sighs and tears :
Tell Him, I seek Him, far below,
Lost in a wilderness of woe.

Ye thought-composing, silent Hours,
Diffusing peace o'er all my powers,
Friends of the pensive! who conceal
In darkest shades the flames I feel;
To you I trust, and safely may,
The love that wastes my strength away.

In sylvan scenes and caverns rude,
I taste the sweets of solitude;
Retired indeed, but not alone,
I share them with a spouse unknown,
Who hides me here, from envious eyes,
From all intrusion and surprise.

Imbowering Shades and Dens profound!
Where echo rolls the voice around;
Mountains! whose elevated heads
A moist and misty veil o'erspreads;
Disclose a solitary bride
To Him I love—to none beside.

Ye Rills! that, murmuring all the way,
Among the polish'd pebbles stray,
Creep silently along the ground,
Lest, drawn by that harmonious sound,
Some wanderer, whom I would not meet,
Should stumble on my loved retreat.

Enamell'd Meads, and Hillocks green,
And streams that water all the scene!
Ye Torrents, loud in distant ears!
Ye Fountains, that receive my tears!
Ah! still conceal, with caution due,
A charge I trust with none but you.

If, when my pain and grief increase,
I seem to enjoy the sweetest peace,
It is because I find so fair
The charming object of my care,
That I can sport and pleasure make
Of torment suffer'd for His sake.

Ye Meads and Groves, unconscious things!
Ye know not whence my pleasure springs;
Ye know not, and ye cannot know,
The source from which my sorrows flow:
The dear sole cause of all I feel,—
He knows and understands them well.

Ye Deserts! where the wild beasts rove,
Scenes sacred to my hours of love;
Ye Forests! in whose shades I stray,
Benighted under burning day;
Ah! whisper not how blest am I,
Nor while I live, nor when I die.

Ye Lambs ! who sport beneath these shades,
And bound along the mossy glades,
Be taught a salutary fear,
And cease to bleat when I am near:
The wolf may hear your harmless cry,
Whom ye should dread as much as I.

How calm, amid these scenes, my mind !
How perfect is the peace I find !
Oh ! hush, be still, my every part,
My tongue, my pulse, my beating heart !
That Love, aspiring to its cause,
May suffer not a moment's pause.

Ye swift finn'd nations, that abide
In seas as fathomless as wide;
And unsuspicious of a snare,
Pursue at large your pleasures there :
Poor sportive fools ! how soon does man
Your heedless ignorance trepan !

Away ! dive deep into the brine,
Where never yet sunk plummet-line;
Trust me, the vast leviathan
Is merciful, compared with man ;
Avoid his arts, forsake the beach,
And never play within his reach !

My soul her bondage ill endures ;
I pant for liberty like yours ;
I long for that immense profound
That knows no bottom, and no bound ;
Lost in infinity, to prove
The incomprehensible of Love.

Ye Birds ! that lessen as ye fly,
And vanish in the distant sky ;
To whom yon airy waste belongs,
Resounding with your cheerful songs ;
Haste to escape from human sight !
Fear less the vulture and the kite.

How blest, and how secure am I,
When quitting earth, I soar on high ;
When lost, like you I disappear,
And float in a sublimer sphere !
Whence, falling within human view,
I am ensnared, and caught like you.

Omniscient God, whose notice deigns
To try the heart and search the reins,
Compassionate the numerous woes,
I dare not, even to Thee, disclose ;
Oh ! save me from the cruel hands
Of men, who fear not Thy commands.

Love, all-subduing and divine,
Care for a creature truly Thine;
Reign in a heart disposed to own
No sovereign but Thyself alone;
Cherish a bride who cannot rove,
Nor quit Thee for a meaner love.

THE VICISSITUDES EXPERIENCED IN THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

(Vol. III. Cantique 69.)

I SUFFER fruitless anguish day by day,
Each moment, as it passes, marks my pain;
Scarce knowing whither, doubtfully I stray,
And see no end of all that I sustain.

The more I strive, the more I am withstood;
Anxiety increasing every hour,
My spirit finds no rest, performs no good,
And naught remains of all my former power.

My peace of heart is fled, I know not where;
My happy hours, like shadows, pass'd away;
Their sweet remembrance doubles all my care,
Night darker seems, succeeding such a day.

Dear faded joys, and impotent regret,
What profit is there in incessant tears?
Oh! Thou, whom, once beheld, we ne'er forget,
Reveal Thy Love, and banish all my fears!

Alas! He flies me—treats me as His foe,
Views not my sorrows, hears not when I plead;
Woe such as mine, despised, neglected woe,
Unless it shortens life, is vain indeed.

Pierced with a thousand wounds I yet survive;
My pangs are keen, but no complaint transpires;
And, while in terrors of Thy wrath I live,
Hell seems to lose its less tremendous fires.

Has Hell a pain I would not gladly bear,
So Thy severe displeasure might subside?
Hopeless of ease, I seem already there,
My life extinguished, and yet death denied.

Is this the joy so promised—this the love,
Th' unchanging love, so sworn in better days?
Ah! dangerous glories! shown me, but to prove
How lovely Thou, and I how rash to gaze.

Why did I see them? had I still remained
Untaught, still ignorant how fair Thou art,
My humbler wishes I had soon obtain'd,
Nor known the torments of a doubting heart.

Deprived of all, yet feeling no desires,
Whence then, I cry, the pangs that I sustain?
Dubious and uninform'd my soul inquires,
Ought she to cherish, or shake off her pain.

Suffering, I suffer not—sincerely love,
Yet feel no touch of that enlivening flame;
As chance inclines me, unconcern'd I move,
All times, and all events, to me the same.

I search my heart, and not a wish is there,
But burns with zeal that hated self may fall;
Such is the sad disquietude I share,
A sea of doubt, and self the source of all.

I ask not life, nor do I wish to die;
And, if Thine hand accomplish not my cure,
I would not purchase, with a single sigh,
A free discharge from all that I endure.

I groan in chains, yet want not a release;
Am sick, and know not the distemper'd part;
Am just as void of purpose as of peace;
Have neither plan, nor fear, nor hope, nor heart.

My claim to life, though sought with earnest care,
No light within me, or without me, shows;
Once I had faith; but now in self-despair
Find my chief cordial and my best repose.

My soul is a forgotten thing ; she sinks,
Sinks and is lost, without a wish to rise ;
Feels an indifference she abhors, and thinks
Her name erased for ever from the skies.

Language affords not my distress a name,—
Yet is it real, and no sickly dream ;
'Tis Love inflicts it ; though to feel that flame
Is all I know of happiness supreme.

When Love departs, a chaos wide and vast,
And dark as Hell, is opened in the soul ;
When Love returns, the gloomy scene is past,
No tempests shake her, and no fears control.

Then tell me, why these ages of delay ?
Oh ! Love, all-excellent, once more appear ;
Disperse the shades, and snatch me into day,
From this abyss of night, these floods of fear !

No—Love is angry, will not now endure
A sigh of mine, or suffer a complaint ;
He smites me, wounds me, and withholds the cure,
Exhausts my powers, and leaves me sick and faint.

He wounds, and hides the hand that gave the blow;
He flies, he reappears, and wounds again ;—
Was ever heart that loved Thee treated so ?
Yet I adore thee, though it seem in vain.

And wilt Thou leave me, whom, when lost and blind,
Thou didst distinguish and vouchsafe to choose,
Before Thy laws were written in my mind,
While yet the world had all my thoughts and views?

Now leave me? when, enamoured of Thy laws,
I make Thy glory my supreme delight;
Now blot me from Thy register, and cause
A faithful soul to perish from Thy sight?

What can have caused the change which I deplore!
Is it to prove me, if my heart be true?
Permit me then, while prostrate I adore,
To draw, and place its picture in Thy view.

'Tis Thine without reserve, most simply Thine;
So given to Thee, that it is not my own;
A willing captive of Thy grace divine;
And loves, and seeks Thee, for Thyself alone.

Pain cannot move it, danger cannot scare;
Pleasure and wealth, in its esteem, are dust;
It loves Thee, even when least inclined to spare
Its tenderest feelings, and avows Thee just.

'Tis all Thine own; my spirit is so too,
An undivided offering at Thy shrine:

It seeks Thy glory with no double view,
  Thy glory, with no secret bent to mine.

Love ! holy Love ! and art Thou not severe,
  To slight me, thus devoted, and thus fixed ?
Mine is an everlasting ardour, clear
  From all self-bias, generous and unmixed.

But I am silent, seeing what I see—
  And fear, with cause, that I am self-deceived ;
Not even my faith is from suspicion free,
  And that I love, seems not to be believed.

Live Thou, and reign for ever, glorious Lord !
  My last, least offering, I present Thee now :
Renounce me, leave me, and be still adored !
  Slay me, my God, and I applaud the blow.

WATCHING UNTO GOD IN THE NIGHT SEASON.

(Vol. III. Cantique 71.)

Sleep at last has fled these eyes,
  Nor do I regret his flight,
More alert my spirits rise,
  And my heart is free and light.

Nature silent all around,
Not a single witness near;
God as soon as sought is found,
And the flame of love burns clear.

Interruption, all day long,
Checks the current of my joys;
Creatures press me with a throng,
And perplex me with their noise.

Undisturb'd I muse all night,
On the first Eternal Fair;
Nothing there obstructs delight,
Love is renovated there.

Life, with its perpetual stir,
Proves a foe to Love and me;
Fresh entanglements occur,—
Comes the night, and sets me free.

Never more, sweet sleep, suspend
My enjoyments, always new:
Leave me to possess my Friend;
Other eyes and hearts subdue.

Hush the world, that I may wake
To the taste of pure delights;
Oh! the pleasures I partake,—
God, the partner of my nights!

David, from the self-same cause,
Night preferr'd to busy day:
Hearts whom heavenly beauty draws
Wish the glaring sun away.

Sleep, self-lovers, is for you;—
Souls that love *celestial* know,
Fairer scenes at night can view
Than the sun could ever shew.

ON THE SAME.

(Vol. III. Cantique 72.)

Season of my purest pleasure,
Sealer of observing eyes!
When in larger, freer measure,
I can commune with the skies;
While, beneath thy shade extended,
Weary man forgets his woes;
I, my daily trouble ended,
Find, in watching, my repose.

Silence all around prevailing,
Nature hush'd in slumber sweet,
No rude noise my ears assailing,
Now my God and I can meet:

Universal nature slumbers,
And my soul partakes the calm,
Breathes her ardour out in numbers,
Plaintive song or lofty psalm.

Now my passion, pure and holy,
Shines and burns without restraint,
Which the day's fatigue and folly
Cause to languish, dim and faint:
Charming hours of relaxation!
How I dread the ascending sun!
Surely, idle conversation
Is an evil, match'd by none.

Worldly prate and babble hurt me;
Unintelligible prove;
Neither teach me nor divert me;
I have ears for none but Love.
Me they rude esteem, and foolish,
Hearing my absurd replies;
I have neither art's fine polish,
Nor the knowledge of the wise.

Simple souls, and unpolluted
By conversing with the great,
Have a mind and taste ill suited
To their dignity and state;
All their talking, reading, writing,
Are but talents misapplied;

Infants' prattle I delight in,
Nothing human choose beside.

'Tis the secret fear of sinning
Checks my tongue, or I should say,
When I see the night beginning,
I am glad of parting day:
Love this gentle admonition
Whispers soft within my breast:
"Choice befits not thy condition,
Acquiescence suits thee best."

Henceforth, the repose and pleasure
Night affords me I resign;
And Thy will shall be the measure,
Wisdom infinite! of mine:
Wishing is but Inclination
Quarrelling with thy decrees;
Wayward nature finds th' occasion,—
'Tis her folly and disease.

Night, with its sublime enjoyments,
Now no longer will I choose;
Nor the day, with its employments,
Irksome as they seem, refuse;
Lessons of a God's inspiring
Neither time nor place impedes;
From our wishing and desiring
Our unhappiness proceeds.

ON THE SAME.

(Vol. III. Cantique 73.)

NIGHT ! how I love thy silent shades,
My spirits they compose ;
The bliss of heaven my soul pervades,
In spite of all my woes.

While sleep instils her poppy dews
In every slumbering eye,
I watch, to meditate and muse,
In blest tranquillity.

And when I feel a God immense
Familiarly impart,
With every proof He can dispense,
His favour to my heart ;

My native meanness I lament,
Though most divinely fill'd
With all th' ineffable content
That Deity can yield.

His purpose and His course he keeps ;
Treads all my reasonings down ;
Commands me out of nature's deeps,
And hides me in His own.

When in the dust, its proper place,
Our pride of heart we lay,
'Tis then a deluge of His grace
Bears all our sins away.

Thou whom I serve, and whose I am,
Whose influence from on high
Refines, and still refines my flame,
And makes my fetters fly ;

How wretched is the creature's state
Who thwarts Thy gracious power ;
Crush'd under sin's enormous weight,
Increasing every hour !

The night, when pass'd entire with Thee,
How luminous and clear !
Then sleep has no delights for me,
Lest *Thou* shouldst disappear.

My Saviour ! occupy me still
In this secure recess ;
Let Reason slumber if she will,
My joy shall not be less :

Let Reason slumber out the night ;
But if *Thou* deign to make
My soul th' abode of Truth and Light,
Ah, keep my heart awake !

THE JOY OF THE CROSS.

(Vol. III. Cantique 97.)

LONG plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of Thine,
  Without reserve or fear ;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes,
Or into smiles of glad surprise
  Transform the falling tear.

My sole possession is Thy love ;
In earth beneath, or heaven above,
  I have no other store ;
And though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune Thee night and day,
  I ask Thee nothing more.

My rapid hours pursue the course
Prescribed them by love's sweetest force ;
  And I Thy sov'reign Will,
Without a wish to escape my doom,
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
  And doom'd to suffer still.

By Thy command where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
  A never-failing friend ;

And if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content,—
  Let Sorrow still attend!

It costs me no regret, that she,
Who follow'd Christ, should follow me;
  And though, where'er she goes,
Thorns spring spontaneous at her feet,
I love her, and extract a sweet
  From all my bitter woes.

Adieu! ye vain delights of earth;
Insipid sports, and childish mirth,
  I taste no sweets in you;
Unknown delights are in the Cross,
All joy beside to me is dross;
  And Jesus thought so too.

The Cross! Oh ravishment and bliss,—
How grateful even its anguish is,
  Its bitterness how sweet!
There every sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refined,
  Tastes happiness complete.

Souls once enabled to disdain
Base sublunary joys, maintain
  Their dignity secure;

The fever of desire is pass'd,
And love has all its genuine taste,
  Is delicate and pure.

Self-love no grace in sorrow sees,
Consults her own peculiar ease ;
  'Tis all the bliss she knows :
But nobler aims true Love employ ;
In self-denial is her joy,
  In suffering her repose.

Sorrow and Love go side by side ;
Nor height nor depth can e'er divide
  Their heaven-appointed bands ;
Those dear associates still are one,
Nor till the race of life is run
  Disjoin their wedded hands.

Jesus, Avenger of our fall,
Thou faithful lover, above all
  The Cross has ever borne !
Oh tell me,—life is in Thy voice,—
How much afflictions were Thy choice,
  And sloth and ease Thy scorn !

Thy choice and mine shall be the same,
Inspirer of that holy flame
  Which must for ever blaze !

To take the Cross and follow Thee,
Where love and duty lead, shall be
My portion and my praise.

JOY IN MARTYRDOM.

(Vol. III. Cantique 94.)

Sweet tenants of this grove!
Who sing, without design,
A song of artless love,
In unison with mine:
These echoing shades return
Full many a note of ours,
That wise ones cannot learn,
With all their boasted powers.

O Thou! whose sacred charms
These hearts so seldom love,
Although Thy beauty warms
And blesses all above;
How slow are human things
To choose their happiest lot!
All-glorious King of kings,
Say, why we love Thee not?

This heart, that cannot rest,
Shall Thine for ever prove ;
Though bleeding and distress'd,
Yet joyful in Thy love :
'Tis happy, though it breaks
Beneath Thy chastening hand ;
And speechless, yet it speaks
What Thou canst understand.

SIMPLE TRUST.

(Vol. III. Cantique 95.)

Still, still, without ceasing,
I feel it increasing,
This fervour of holy desire ;
And often exclaim,
Let me die in the flame
Of a love that can never expire !

Had I words to explain
What *she* must sustain
Who dies to the world and its ways ;
How joy and affright,
Distress and delight,
Alternately chequer her days.

Thou, sweetly severe !
I would make Thee appear
In all Thou art pleased to award,
Not more in the sweet,
Than the bitter I meet,
My tender and merciful Lord.

This Faith, in the dark
Pursuing its mark
Through many sharp trials of Love;
Is the sorrowful waste
That is to be passed
In the way to the Canaan above.

THE NECESSITY OF SELF-ABASEMENT.

(Vol. III. Cantique 92.)

Source of Love, my brighter Sun,
Thou alone my comfort art ;
See, my race is almost run ;
Hast Thou left this trembling heart ?

In my youth, Thy charming eyes
Drew me from the ways of men ;
Then I drank unmingled joys ;
Frown of Thine saw never *then*.

Spouse of Christ was then my name ;
And devoted all to Thee,
Strangely jealous, I became
Jealous of this Self in me.

Thee to love, and none beside,
Was my darling, sole employ ;
While alternately I died,
Now of grief, and now of joy.

Through the dark and silent night,
On Thy radiant smiles I dwelt ;
And to see the dawning light
Was the keenest pain I felt.

Thou my gracious teacher wert ;
And Thine eye, so close applied,
While it watch'd Thy pupil's heart,
Seem'd to look at none beside.

Conscious of no evil drift,
This, I cried, is Love indeed !—
'Tis the Giver, not the Gift,
Whence the joys I feel proceed.

But soon humbled, and laid low,
Stript of all Thou hast conferr'd,
Nothing left but sin and woe,
I perceived how I had err'd.

Oh, the vain conceit of man,
  Dreaming of a good his own,
Arrogating all he can,
  Though the Lord is good alone !

He, the graces Thou hast wrought,
  Makes subservient to his pride ;
Ignorant that one such thought
  Passes all his sin beside.

Such his folly—proved, at last,
  By the loss of that repose
Self-complacence cannot taste,
  Only Love Divine bestows.

'Tis by this reproof severe,
  And by this reproof alone,
His defects at last appear,
  Man is to himself made known.

Learn, all Earth ! that feeble man,
  Sprung from this terrestrial clod,
Nothing is, and nothing can ;
  Life and power are all in God.

LOVE INCREASED BY SUFFERING.

(Vol. III. Cantique 98.)

"I LOVE the Lord," is still the strain
This heart delights to sing;
But I reply,—your thoughts are vain,
Perhaps 'tis no such thing.

Before the power of Love Divine
Creation fades away;
Till only God is seen to shine
In all that we survey.

In gulfs of awful night we find
The God of our desires;
'Tis there He stamps the yielding mind,
And doubles all its fires.

Flames of encircling Love invest,
And pierce it sweetly through;
'Tis filled with sacred joy, yet press'd
With sacred sorrow too.

Ah, Love! my heart is in the right—
Amidst a thousand woes,

To Thee, it's ever new delight,
And all its peace it owes.

Fresh causes of distress occur
Where'er I look or move ;
The comforts, I to all prefer,
Are solitude and love.

Nor exile I, nor prison fear ;
Love makes my courage great ;
I find a Saviour everywhere,
His grace in every state.

Nor castle walls, nor dungeons deep,
Exclude His quickening beams ;
There I can sit, and sing, and weep,
And dwell on heavenly themes.

There sorrow, for His sake, is found,
A joy beyond compare ;
There no presumptuous thoughts abound,
No pride can enter there.

A Saviour doubles all my joys,
And sweetens all my pains :
His strength in my defence employs,
Consoles me and sustains.

I fear no ill, resent no wrong ;
Nor feel a passion move,
When malice whets her sland'rous tongue ;
Such patience is in Love.

SCENES FAVOURABLE TO MEDITATION.

(Vol. IV. Cantique 83.)

Wilds horrid and dark with o'ershadowing trees,
Rocks that ivy and briers infold,
Scenes nature with dread and astonishment sees,
But I with a pleasure untold ;

Though awfully silent, and shaggy, and rude,
I am charmed with the peace ye afford,
Your shades are a temple where none will intrude,
The abode of my Lover and Lord.

I am sick of thy splendour, O fountain of day,
And here I am hid from its beams ;
Here safely contemplate a brighter display
Of the noblest and holiest of themes.

Ye forests, that yield me my sweetest repose,
Where stillness and solitude reign,
To you I securely and boldly disclose
The dear anguish of which I complain.

Here, sweetly forgetting and wholly forgot
By the world and its turbulent throng,
The birds and the streams lend me many a note
That aids meditation and song.

Here, wand'ring in scenes that are sacred to night,
Love wears me and wastes me away;
And often the sun has spent much of his light
Ere yet I perceive it is day.

While a mantle of darkness envelopes the sphere,
My sorrows are sadly rehearsed;
To me the dark hours are all equally dear,
And the last is as sweet as the first.

Here I and the beasts of the deserts agree;
Mankind are the wolves that I fear,
They grudge me my natural right to be free,
But nobody questions it here.

Though little is found in this dreary abode
That appetite wishes to find,
My spirit is soothed by the presence of God,
And appetite wholly resign'd.

Ye desolate scenes, to your solitude led,
My life I in praises employ,
And scarce know the source of the tears that I shed,
Proceed they from sorrow or joy.

There is nothing I seem to have skill to discern ;
I feel out my way in the dark ;
Love reigns in my bosom, I constantly burn,
Yet hardly distinguish the spark.

I live, yet I seem to myself to be dead ;
Such a riddle is not to be found ;
I am nourished without knowing how I am fed,
I have nothing, and yet I abound.

Oh Love ! who in darkness art pleased to abide
Though dimly, yet surely I see
That these contrarieties only reside
In the soul that is chosen of Thee.

Ah, send me not back to the race of mankind,
Perversely by folly beguiled,
For where, in the crowds I have left, shall I find
The spirit and heart of a child ?

Here let me, though fix'd in a desert, be free ;
A little one whom they despise,
Though lost to the world, if in union with Thee,
Shall be holy and happy and wise.

GOD KNOWN BY LOVING HIM.*

'Tis not the skill of human art
Which gives me power my God to know;
The sacred lessons of the heart
Come not from instruments below.

Love is my teacher. He can tell
The wonders that He learnt above:
No other master knows so well:—
'Tis Love alone can tell of Love.

Oh! then, of God if thou would'st learn,
His wisdom, goodness, glory see;
All human arts and knowledge spurn,
Let Love alone thy teacher be.

Love is my master. When it breaks,
The morning light, with rising ray,
To Thee, O God! my spirit wakes,
And Love instructs it all the day.

And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

* These last five Poems are not Cowper's translations.

LOVE CONSTITUTES MY CRIME.

(Vol. I. Cantique 147.)

Love constitutes my crime ;
For this they keep me here,
Imprisoned thus so long a time
For Him I hold so dear ;
And yet I am, as when I came,
The subject of this holy flame.

How can I better grow?
How from my own heart fly?
Those who imprison me should know
True love can never die.
Yea, tread and crush it with disdain,
And it will live and burn again.

And am I then to blame?
He's always in my sight ;
And having once inspired the flame,
He always keeps it bright.
For this they smite me and reprove,
Because I cannot cease to love.

What power shall dim its ray,
Dropt burning from above !

Eternal life shall ne'er decay ;
God is the life of love.
And when its source of life is o'er,
And only then, 'twill shine no more.

PRISONS DO NOT EXCLUDE GOD.

STRONG are the walls around me,
That hold me all the day ;
But they who thus have bound me
Cannot keep God away :
My very dungeon walls are dear,
Because the God I love is here.

They know, who thus oppress me,
'Tis hard to be alone ;
But know not, One can bless me,
Who comes through bars and stone :
He makes my dungeon's darkness bright,
And fills my bosom with delight.

Thy love, O God, restores me,
From sighs and tears to praise :
And deep my soul adores Thee,
Nor thinks of time or place ;
I ask no more, in good or ill,
But union with Thy holy will.

'Tis that which makes my treasure,
'Tis that which brings my gain ;
Converting woe to pleasure,
And reaping joy from pain.
Oh, 'tis enough, whate'er befall,
To know that God is All in All.

GOD THE FOUNTAIN OF LOVE TO HIS CHILDREN.

I LOVE my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give ;
I love Thee, Lord ; but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy love I live.
I am as nothing, and rejoice to be
Emptied, and lost, and swallowed up in Thee.

Thou, Lord, alone, art all Thy children need,
And there is none beside ;
From Thee the streams of blessedness proceed,
In Thee the bless'd abide :
Fountain of life, and all-abounding grace,
Our source, our centre, and our dwelling-place.

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

(Vol. I. Cantique 149.)

A LITTLE bird I am,
  Shut from the fields of air :
And in my cage I sit and sing
  To Him who placed me there ;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases Thee.

Nought have I else to do ;
  I sing the whole day long ;
And He, whom most I love to please,
  Doth listen to my song.
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

Thou hast an ear to hear,
  A heart to love and bless ;
And though my notes were e'er so rude,
  Thou wouldst not hear the less ;
Because Thou knowest, as they fall,
That LOVE, sweet LOVE, inspires them all.

My cage confines me round,
  Abroad I cannot fly ;

But though my wing is closely bound,
  My heart's at liberty.
My prison walls can not control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Oh ! it is good to soar
  These bolts and bars above,
To Him whose purpose I adore,
  Whose providence I love ;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.

ROBERT MACLEHOSE, UNIVERSITY PRESS, GLASGOW.

N

PQ 1799 G8 A42 1880

Guyon, Jeanne Marie (Bouvier de la Mothe)
1648-1717.
The poems of Madame Guyon. Edited and
arranged with a short life, by A. Saund
Glasgow, Pickering & Inglis [188-?]
xiv, 110p. 17cm.

1. Religious poetry, French.
Alfred Saunders, 1853-1906, e

331943